

that of the potatoe, to which it is nearly allied. It has none of the deadly properties of the former, and is often used in medicine in rustic practice.

THE PIMPERNEL.

Class, Pentandria. Order, Monogynia. Nat. Ord.,
Primulaceae.

The bog Pimpernel, (*Anagallis tenella*) is one of the most delicate and lively looking blossoms in the British Flora; it is found as implied by its name in marshy ground. *Anagallis* signifies laughter, and alludes to the medicinal properties of some of the species, which were formerly supposed to cheer the spirits by removing obstructions of the liver. The stems of this little plant are thread-like, creeping, and about three inches in length, the leaves are small, egg-shaped or roundish; the flowers are of a pretty pink colour, and large in proportion to the size of the plant.

The Corn Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) is a merry little flower often seen in corn fields, and opening its bright scarlet petals to the sun, but closing them again whenever a cloud interposes between it and the ray it loves, and has hence acquired the name of the "Poor Man's Weather-glass," by thus giving notice of the approach of rain.

This apparent instinct in the plant has called

forth some pretty verses; in the "Moral of Flowers" we find the following;

"Of humble growth, though brighter dyes,
But not by rural swains less prized,
The trailing stems allure,
Of Pimpernel, whose brilliant flower
Closes against the approaching shower,
Warning the swain to sheltering bower,
From humid air secure."

Miss Twamley too has written the following pretty lines on this bright little blossom and the country girl.

"I'll go and peep at the Pimpernel,
And see if she thinks the clouds look well;
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my sweetheart is there;
So Pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky?
If fair weather, no maiden so happy as I.

"The Pimpernel flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup;
And unto the maid
Thus her warning said:
'Though the sun smile down
There's a gathering frown
O'er the checker'd blue of the clouded sky,
So tarry at home for a storm is nigh.'

"The maid first look'd sad, and then look'd cross,
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss;